

The Day The Baby Smiled

Carol made an apple pie.
I scrypt a poem.

Dam Flat Tire First Snow & Walked Home

Wrestled the rusted bolts a while
then put the job aside
as this morning Ezra Pound's SELECTED
CANTOS . . .

First snow.
So simply at times it falls
and no one quite captures white gyr
in a wooden box
or loose snow in the bowl
of a poem.

White lafter over roads.
Lao Tzu gone pack-ass
thru the pass
and I am my spirit treading home
upon the white garment
of my death.

treading home

words so much
crows in the snow

A William Carlos Williams Poem

-- for Peter Wellman

"as one who watches a storm
come in over the water"
and turns from the roses

in their tatters
knocking at the window
to a violin concerto

as one who lets a stone slip
between the hands
and turns to cigaret

and away from the wall
with its round hole
to the wings of the wind

as one who makes speech
 of a silver insect
 its legs kicking
against the breath
 of ashy death
 on blank white paper
and brushes the body aside
 to turn cleared pallet
 thru the typewriter
I can close your book
 dead sweet Billy
 dead old man
your poem loses its head
 as the flushed grouse
 flies at dawn
into birdshot
 off the page
 field of autumn color
Altho I walk here
 attempt to sing
 upon the footing
you put to flight
 I must lean out
 against the railing
of my own breath
 turn continually
 in continuity
from windowed concerto
 the wings of the wind
 hearing my own heart out
to follow
 as grouse from branch
 against the shot
and let my shadow sleep
 next to my body
 in peace.

-- Charles Tidler

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